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THE CANADIAN FORUM



VOL. II.

TORONTO, OCTOBER, 1921

No. 13

THE bankruptcy of the Conservative party in Canada is well illustrated in the complexion of the new cabinet. Few of the talents are there represented. In a government with reasonable prospects of re-election, cabinet reconstruction before the election is naturally a small matter. Mr. Meighen, however, was in such case that wholesale changes were unavoidable. Certain ministers, being full of years and merely picturesque, wished and had earned retirement; others, being expert politicians, saw that the game was up. Mr. Wigmore had survived by months his fatal lapse, and needed to receive more leisure to attend to the business of Nagle and Wigmore. Of the new ministers Mr. Baxter and Mr. Stewart have the best record. The Quebec members are political ciphers. Mr. Stevens represents mainly British Columbia intolerance of Oriental labour, and Dr. Edwards the peculiar prejudices of Ontario. Mr. Bennett is well known as a rapid orator and a counsel of the Canadian Pacific; Mr. Bristol as devoted to ward politics and Canada Steamships. The new cabinet's journey should be comfortable as well as brief.

MR. KING will never make progress by facing the past. Whatever opinion one may entertain as to the place of Sir Wilfred Laurier in the history of Canada, this is not a time when electors are disposed to say their prayers to his image. We doubt if Quebec is disposed to do so. We know that the rest of Canada is not. Men are looking to the distressing conditions of to-day and to possibilities of better things to-morrow. They are asking for leaders who have ideals—grateful memories they may have as well—but leaders who are looking to the future with sufficient courage and resourcefulness to meet the problem arising from the mistakes of our railway, and war, and fiscal policies. Pre-election pledges have a way of haunting politicians. Mr. King has been in politics long enough to know this. He is disposed to be wary at all costs. But these are days when traditions are being shattered. The eye raised to an image on the wall is less likely to presage victory, than the eye turned to the living present.

AN element of comedy has already brightened the political campaign. Mr. Meighen asked a question at London that many lesser men have asked before him. Condemning the latest tariff platform of the liberals, "Does Mr. Mackenzie King", he demanded, "stand pledged to put that platform into effect if returned to power?" Hopes ran high when Mr. King replied. "I do not propose", said the Liberal leader, "to be thought lacking in frankness and candour". An enthusiastic audience cheered him. But the quality which passes with Mr. King for frankness and candour will never warm the passions of his stalwarts. An age less temperate than our own would describe it as very small beer. His hearers received his explanation in respectful silence. "I shall answer", he continued, "in the terms in which I answered it before the convention which drafted the platform". The statement that followed (and he correctly quoted his speech to the convention) must rank as one of the most remarkable acts of foresight in our politics; for these words, which suffered then from the vagueness natural to peroration, he now produces in triumph as a solemn pledge. "I regarded the platform as a *chart, upon which was plotted the direction of the course it was expected the Party should take*".

IF we understand aright the general obligations which govern party leadership, Mr. King possessed an alternative answer as definite as this was ambiguous. He might have replied at Toronto, "The Liberal Party hereby pledges itself to implement by legislation the provisions of this resolution". He would only have been repeating the closing sentence of the tariff platform; and it was with full knowledge of its adoption that Mr. King undertook to lead his party. If not explicitly, at least implicitly he has made the pledge his own. But Quebec leaders will not have it. Quebec disowns the platform, and Mr. King must do the same. Two years ago the resolutions were acclaimed as evidence of statesmanship. The tariff platform of the farmers (which remains unchanged) was almost identically the same. Continued harmony between the parties would have changed the tariff history of Canada. To-day,

however, this kind of statesmanship is at a discount. "A tariff revision" (according to M. Lemieux), "is always a delicate operation. . . . An alliance the price of which would be the adoption of brilliant but inapplicable theories would be a *mésalliance*". Mr. King, who sat meekly beside his henchman at Montreal, must have enjoyed the description of his former principles. On this occasion he vaguely discussed a "tariff for revenue": and was welcomed like a repentant prodigal. There is a world of comfort in meaningless phrases.

THE Prime Minister is nothing if not clear-cut. He does not mince words. That is good. But he also forbears to set limits to logic, and that is not so good. There is something metallic about his voice and his mind. One can almost hear the clicking of his brain. In his recent speech in his home town he is quoted as saying: "But this platform of Wood and Crerar denounces protection of every kind, and if protection of every kind is wrong, then we should not have protection. It is all humbug to talk about getting rid of something that is wrong by easy stages". The Farmers' platform, it is true, is severe on protection. But any doctor will tell Mr. Meighen that there are certain habits injurious to the human body which may be best removed gradually. The fact that they are injurious or "wrong" does not make it wise to remove them at once but rather by "easy stages". This may well be the case with the Protective Tariff. The shock to the little system may be too severe if the bottle is suddenly removed from our infant industries, still, like Mr. Meighen, on the sunny side of fifty. Hence the farmer, whom a sober and painstaking life makes a conservative force in any country, has given five years for free trade with Great Britain. Unlike Mr. Meighen he does not allow his logic to drive him into absurdity.

WE have at least one "broadening-out" candidate in Ontario. In the West, at any rate between the Great Lakes and the Rockies, the economic solidarity is such that urban voters and rural voters are likely to be pretty much of the same mind. But in Ontario city is set against country, and no prophet has arisen who can lead them together. In Halton County, for many years a safe Conservative riding, the Prime Minister of Ontario found his seat. Mr. Ford, who made room for him, has now been chosen a federal candidate. Not, however, at a straight Farmers' Convention. Delegates from certain urban districts were present and joined in giving practical effect to an idea which Mr. Drury sponsored. Mr. Ford will go to the polls not as a Farmer candidate, not as a Farmer-Labour candidate, but as a People's candidate, representing all, whether in country or town, who support his platform. Canadians will take special note of the election in Halton.

WE ventured in our August issue to forecast a difficult future for the Fordney Tariff. September has shown that we were right. In the Middle West, opinion hostile to the measure has been organized by the great Chicago firm of Marshall Field. Mr. J. J. Shedd of that company is quoted as publicly stating that it involves the suicide of the Republican Party. In New England it is expected that the Dry Goods Associations will oppose the bill; and in the Far West, it has been denounced by the Western Pine Manufacturers Association. The coming of the Premier of Newfoundland to plead before the finance committee of the American Senate against the duties on fish and fish oils is an event almost without precedent. Yet he was received with unmistakable sympathy. Of the tariff on wheat the Wall Street Journal flatly says that it "is no more calculated to protect the farmers of North Dakota and Minnesota than a tax on door knobs". The promises of the Republican leaders, made before the last election, are nothing now but an embarrassment. For if they flout the great mass of opinion which is hostile to the tariff, the public will remember it against them; and if they defer to this opinion, they repudiate their pledges. The lesson is clear that in a time like this, it is no less bad politics than bad economics to hamper the trade between nations. Rather, we must encourage it whenever that is possible; for if we will not buy, we cannot sell. There is especial interest for Canadians in the plea of the Western Pine Manufacturers. Condemning the tariff on posts, poles, and ties, their association urges as a prime consideration the effect which free importation of these articles would have upon the betterment of exchange with Canada. In an open market, exchange rates will adjust themselves.

IT will be noticed that the article on the Washington Conference that follows these notes makes no mention of the important question of Canadian representation. The omission was intentional; for, at the time the article was written, a satisfactory solution seemed to be only a matter of a few days. The delay that has supervened, however, makes comment necessary. Canada has a peculiar interest in at least one of the main problems that is to come up for discussion at Washington; and this interest, which recent events have proved to be by no means identical with that of the other parts of the Empire, can be adequately served only by direct, separate representation at the conference. To such a claim—and there can be little doubt that nothing short of this is the claim of our government—there are only two likely sources of opposition. One is the extreme section of the Republican party in the United States; the other is the Imperial Foreign Office. An immediate statement from Ottawa would strengthen the Government's hand if opposition is, in fact, being

encountered; or if the delay is due to some other cause, it would sweep away the unfounded suspicion. The issue is too important to be dealt with by the old back-stairs methods.

NEGOTIATIONS with Ireland are to continue. After a protracted dialectical contest, conducted on both sides with considerable ingenuity, Mr. Lloyd George has at last decided that he can safely meet the Sinn Fein leaders without committing himself to their own estimate of their status; and the Sinn Feiners, on their part, have decided that they can meet Mr. Lloyd George without insisting upon his doing so. The situation is not substantially different from what it was six weeks ago when the interchange of notes began; yet the extreme partisans on each side are claiming it as a triumph for their respective champions. Such a view, however, overlooks the real significance of this phase of the negotiations. Broadly that significance lies, we believe, not in the formal contest between Mr. De Valera and Mr. Lloyd George, but in the masked struggle which each has had to wage against the *intransigents* among his own following. Here the victory seems to have been distinctly a victory for common sense. For the rest, the interchange of notes, by revealing some of the ambiguities inherent in such terms as Dominion status, has served to clear the way for what one hopes will be the final step towards the long delayed settlement.

TO all appearance the Mennonite "trek", at least so far as it affects the old Manitoba settlements, is likely to amount to little or nothing. Almost fifty years ago this peculiar people, shunning the ways of the world and particularly the ways of cities, sought an asylum on the deep lands of the Red River valley. They had their origin in Holland during the Reformation, and had sojourned in East Prussia and later in Southern Russia, fleeing militarism as they would a plague. Their Canadian charter made them immune from religious persecution and military service. They interpreted it as giving them also their own schools and relieving them and their children from the necessity of learning English or attending state schools where worldly principles might be inculcated and killing by nations condoned or even glorified. When Manitoba finally under the present government insisted on the teaching of English to all children, and consequently sought to supplant by state schools the "Old Colony" schools conducted in a German dialect and giving little beyond religious instruction, and especially when the war spirit ran across the western plains, those of the Mennonites who remained steadfast in the old faith sent forth men of their number to spy out another land. Various states of the Union, Mexico, and even South America were visited. More than once the Press announced

that migration was arranged. But the Mennonites still remain. Even among the faithful there are those who like Canada well enough, and trust the educational authorities sufficiently, to be unwilling to leave their lands. Had real estate operators been inactive, the agitation would probably have ceased long before this. As it is, after many months of advertizing they have failed to sell their blocks of five thousand acres, no Mennonite colonies have migrated, and Canadian Schools are steadily winning their way.

AGainst the preaching of a gospel of pity which has led so many thoughtless people to waste their sympathy on the "under dog", the Rev. Prebendary Gough, a distinguished Anglican divine who has been visiting the Dominion, uttered a strong protest at a recent Canadian Club banquet. The animal, he explained, has been ruined by too much kindness. He bites the hand that feeds him. He leaves nice large bones on the floor of his kennel to go after the sheep in the Anglican pastures. In denouncing the enfeebling gospel which has produced such deplorable consequences, Prebendary Gough also placed responsibility for it without hesitation. We confess that we shared the common view that the gospel of pity originated with a Galilean artisan who wandered about, without visible means of subsistence, telling people to love one another, instead of remaining at his bench and increasing the output of ploughs and cartwheels. It appears we were wrong; this detestable gospel originated in the country of Nietzsche and Marx. And quite evidently Germany, as the country which worships at the same time the super-man and the under-dog, is the source of all our present troubles. German influences, said Prebendary Gough, have shaped the attitude of British Labour and brought about the recent miners' strike. They are no doubt also responsible for the present trouble in Ireland, though Prebendary Gough omitted to mention this, and for the famine in Russia, as well as for the agitation among the Labour mayors and councillors in Poplar and other working class boroughs in the old country, which may even lead some to think it is desirable to interfere with the working of the present system. Prebendary Gough has given us fresh reason to believe in the vision of the English satirical poet who foresaw that when the present system had done its perfect work there would remain to take his stand upon a pile of skulls a "large, fresh, pink, well-nourished Anglican" to murmur a bland benediction.

THE new premises of the Ontario College of Art were officially opened in Toronto on September 30th last. They are situated alongside of the old Grange, with which they conform beautifully in architectural style, and within a few feet of the new

Art Gallery. There is the nucleus here for an impressive home of Canadian Art. Outwardly the impressiveness will be enhanced when the Art Gallery spreads to Dundas and Beverley Streets and the College of Art to McCaul Street. But the inner spirit is of much greater importance. It is appreciation that is wanted. There is a fine spirit abroad in the College of Art, which by the way owes more to its present Principal, Mr. G. A. Reid, than to any other person. There are promising students too. But there is also a surprising number—not in Toronto alone but in Canada—of mature artists whose work entitles them to live by the free practice of their art. One wonders just how many of them do. Very few if the truth were known. And here is the gap in the structure of that inner world in which art really lives. It is still felt to be a little daring, don't you know, to buy a Canadian sketch for one's walls. The artist sends his pictures to the exhibitions without any tears of farewell for he knows that they will drift back into his studio in due course and merely complicate the problem of dusting. Perhaps this condition will change sooner than we know. The little-picture show of the Ontario Society of Artists last year made a fair number of sales and we hope that their present Exhibition of Small Paintings, now hanging at the Art Gallery, will be made a hunting ground for Christmas presents, as it should be.

FEW things are more annoying to the thoughtful citizen than anonymous and unreasonable attempts to bamboozle him. Yet so far we have heard but few expressions of surprise at an attempt to institute a new form of organized sentimentality. The streets and street cars of Toronto are placarded with a notice which reads: "CANDY DAY, October 8th. Remember the loved ones at home". Now, why should there be a "Candy Day" at all? And who is responsible for its institution? Who pays for the advertisements? It can hardly have been suggested by the City Health Officer, for doctors and dentists are pretty well agreed in their opinion of candy. (Indeed the most obvious step would be a fresh placard announcing "Dentists' Day, October 10th"). And it is difficult to believe that the candy manufacturers could be guilty: for it would be somewhat unscrupulous to write "Remember the loved ones at home" when the true reading should be, "It's your money we want". One is also tempted to ask, "Why October 8th?" But this question is unanswerable. If the institution of a special Candy Day is intended to suggest that on this day alone should people purchase candy, it is perhaps deserving of serious consideration, though a little hard upon candy-lovers like ourselves.

The Summons to Washington

BEFORE many weeks are past, the leaders of the allied nations, impelled less, no doubt, by mankind's unsatisfied longing for a new and better world than by their own difficulties and perplexities, will have gathered at Washington in a second, but more modest attempt to contrive some cure for the jealousies and conflicts that still, in the third year of victory, block the path towards peace. The day upon which the delegates are to assemble is one that should evoke something more than complacent reflections. The atmosphere in which they are to work promises to be comparatively free from the worst traditions of European diplomacy. The task that awaits them is at least less complicated than the one that overwhelmed their predecessors at Paris. Even the lesson of those predecessors' mistakes stands ready to confront them at every turn in the disappointments and miseries born of the last three years.

Yet, in spite of these obvious advantages, the proceedings at Washington will arouse little of the enthusiasm that marked the early days of the great conference at Paris. Enthusiasm has long since given way to disillusionment; great aspirations have dwindled to meagre hopes, and for the fulfilment even of these the Washington conference holds out no certain promise. Far from being the constituent assembly of a new world order, it will, in a sense, mark the failure of the one that has hardly yet been established. If it is likely to revive little of the humbug and empty rhetoric of Paris, still less is it likely to revive, in any measure, the genuine idealism that inspired the better portions of the Treaty and the Covenant. Mr. Harding's platitudes will prove a poor substitute for Mr. Wilson's principles, battered though they are; and as for the others who will take their seats around the central table on November 11th, contemporary history would seem almost to justify the conclusion that the more they change the more they are the same thing.

But though this enterprise of President Harding's may inspire little confidence, it is impossible to regard it with indifference. Its failure would be too serious a matter for that. The conference may not present a great opportunity, but it is an opportunity that, in the present state of international relations, cannot be ignored; for no one can say when it will arise again. Failure would be nothing short of a calamity; it would leave the statesmen bankrupt, and would mean the withdrawal once more of the United States from any friendly participation in world affairs. Yet the last way to promote the success of the conference would be to demand an extension of its functions. That would only magnify all its inherent difficulties. The safest course seems to lie in recognising it frankly as an expedient, and in accepting, even emphasising, its limitations and restrictions.

When, a few months ago, Mr. Harding first issued his invitation, he refrained from defining, except in the broadest and vaguest terms, the objects he had in mind. The conference was to deal generally with policy in the Far East and with disarmament, but the wording of the note seemed almost designed to suggest that it would not stop there. A proposal by Mr. Lloyd George that a preliminary conference on the Far East should assemble at once in London, where the Dominion premiers were then in session, was declined; and thereupon the British and French governments issued an unqualified acceptance. It remained for Japan, naturally reluctant to commit herself where her interests were so intimately affected, to demand, as a condition of acceptance, the preparation of a definite agenda. Upon this task the State Department at Washington is said now to be engaged. Preliminary discussions of an informal but definite nature are to take place in the hope that they will result in the discovery of common ground sufficient to ensure a successful solution of each item that finds a place on the agenda.

What form the agenda will finally take must, of course, remain in doubt, probably until the very eve of the conference. Whether it will include disarmament on land as well as disarmament on sea, general questions of foreign policy as well as questions purely of Eastern policy, no one can yet tell. It seems impossible that it should not touch some portions, at any rate, of the Treaty of Versailles; for such clauses as those dealing with Shantung are bound to come up for discussion, notwithstanding the proposal of the Japanese government that they should be regarded as *choses jugées*. Even the League of Nations itself would, probably, if the wishes of the old-guard Republicans were decisive, be thrown into the melting pot. This, of course, may be safely dismissed as an impossibility; for, although there is a natural desire on the part of Mr. Harding's government to magnify the occasion of its entry into world politics, there are the views of the other governments to be considered, and in England, at any rate, the trend of opinion seems to be all in the direction of restricting, as far as possible, the questions for discussion.

To the impatient optimist, who can bring himself to believe in the limitless possibilities of President Harding's scheme, this reluctance to enlarge the scope of the conference must look almost like the wilful renunciation of a great opportunity. Why should we be content to reduce navies, leaving armies, the essential instruments of war, to flourish? Why should we seek to confine the discussions to Eastern policy when we know that the principal effect of such a restriction will be to maintain the integrity of a treaty that is coming everywhere to be recognized as not only unjust, but impracticable?

Let us suppose, then, in the first place, that disarmament on land is declared to be one of the sub-

jects for discussion. Who will be affected? Not our late enemies; they have already been disarmed. Not Bolshevik Russia; three years of vicarious warfare must have convinced the allied governments of how costly an experiment that would be. Not the neutrals; for, with the possible exception of Holland, they will not be represented at the conference. Only the allies are left, and, of the allies, France alone, with her satellite Poland, continues to maintain a military force of really great dimensions, and France, though she might make a pretence of doing so, is hardly likely to disarm so long as she feels herself almost solely responsible for the enforcement of the Treaty of Versailles. The truth is that there is no use discussing general disarmament by land, which, for all practical purposes, means disarmament in Europe, until the Treaty of Versailles has been profoundly modified. So long as force remains the basis of the Treaty, any agreement for the reduction of armaments in Europe cannot possibly be anything but the sort of cynically ineffective agreement that must at all costs be avoided.

It does not follow, though, because the Treaty presents itself as an obstacle to an all-round limitation of armaments, that the Washington conference should undertake its wholesale revision. The only way in which the Treaty can be revised with any benefit to Europe is the very way in which, from time to time, it is being revised—in consultation with the representatives of the German people. That is the meaning of the negotiations between the allied and German governments that, beginning at Spa a little over a year ago, have been going on ever since. It is a dangerously cumbersome method, it is true; but so long as the present government holds office at Westminster and the *bloc national* controls the Chamber of Deputies, it is the only method available. The Washington conference, like the peace conference at Paris, will be a meeting of the allied governments. The men who compose it will have much the same outlook as the men who drafted the Treaty of Versailles. It is not by such a gathering that the Treaty will be eventually revised.

If some such limitations as these are recognized, only two subjects of real magnitude will come up for discussion at Washington—the reduction of armaments by sea and the problems of the Far East. In the first of these all civilized peoples have a common interest; in the second Canadians, among others, have a particular interest; and it is in connection with this latter question that the policy of our Government may be expected to carry most weight; for it was largely due to Mr. Meighen's stand upon the Anglo-Japanese Treaty that the Washington conference became possible at all. Probably no person in Canada who has not some private source of information knows the precise grounds upon which Mr. Meighen took his stand; the meetings in Downing Street were, for the most part, secret, and neither the meagre

preliminary announcements nor the subsequent formal surveys gave more than a general idea of our Government's policy. It is known, however, that Mr. Meighen felt so firmly convinced that his attitude on this subject was the attitude of the great majority of Canadians that he declared his intention, should the Treaty be renewed, of reserving for Canada the right of contracting out of it. As the press comments alone showed, his estimate of public feeling was perfectly sound; indeed, in spite of the growing weakness of his party, he returned from the Imperial conference with his personal reputation higher, probably, than it ever had been before. Why, under these circumstances, he continues to keep the country in ignorance of more than the barest outlines of his policy is nothing less than a mystery. It is said that during the Imperial conference he joined General Smuts in a protest against the secrecy that enshrouded many of the more important meetings; yet his silence to-day, if he persists in it, will leave the country as ignorant of his preparations for Washington—where all the proceedings, it is promised, are to be public—as it was of his intentions when he left for London.

It might be urged, under normal circumstances, that the general lines of Mr. Meighen's foreign policy are now not only familiar to the Canadian people, but approved by them, and, consequently, that he is under no obligation to discuss his plans for Washington. Even if that were true, there has arisen lately a fresh consideration that makes publicity all the more essential. In all probability the conference will hardly have opened before this country finds itself in the midst of a general election; it is even possible that before the conference has ended a new government will be in power at Ottawa. It would, of course, be too much to expect Mr. Meighen, amid all the distractions of an important political campaign, to devote more than a comparatively small portion of his time to external affairs. It is not too much to ask, though, that he should furnish some satisfactory assurance that the vital interests that this country has at stake in the Washington conference will not suffer through the exigencies of party politics. For, viewed in their proper perspective, these questions of foreign policy are of far greater moment—are much more fateful in their bearing upon our intimate lives—than are many of the domestic problems with which we have been in the habit of allowing ourselves to become engrossed. The maintenance of good feeling with the United States, the advancement of peace in the Pacific, the gradual elimination of the more costly instruments of warfare—it is upon questions such as these, more than upon the minor bickerings of local politics, that our own happiness as well as that of the next generation will depend.

The prospect for Washington, at best, is not a radiant one. The inspiration of a great constructive idea is lacking. Success can mean little more than

that a few isolated problems of real magnitude have been settled, that the first move, hesitating and partial probably, has been made towards disarmament. Europe will hardly be touched; the necessity for a true resettlement will remain almost as acute as ever; and the League of Nations will be little nearer becoming the great international force without which any agreement for the limitation of armaments must lack a real assurance of permanence. But if the prospect of success kindles only a modest hope, the possibility of failure may well inspire grave forebodings; for, with all its limitations, the Washington conference presents what may be the last chance of putting some check on the rivalries and misunderstandings that are steadily driving the nations towards another catastrophe. If that chance fails, the prospect of any real relief will be remote indeed.

The Farmers' Case

ON the morning of the twenty-first of October, 1919, the Canadian public awoke to find that a new force had arisen in Canadian politics. On the previous day the provincial elections had been held in Ontario. Without the support of the daily press, without candidates in many ridings, the United Farmers elected more members than either of the old parties and almost as many as both the old parties combined and were able by an alliance with the labour members to form a government. That was almost two years ago. Yet it is doubtful if any considerable number of urban electors know why the farmers are in politics or what they want. Mr. Meighen in his London speech admitted that they were his most formidable opponents because they were in earnest, and he professed to know their aims and purposes, but surrounded as he is by law-books and privilege he too fails to appreciate their position.

The greatest weakness of the farmers' movement lies just in this. It lacks the means of expressing itself to the urban electorate. Through its picnics it has revived the useful practice of public discussion. But these picnics are for farmers. Through the *Grain Grower's Guide* and the *Farmer's Sun* it disseminates the opinions which have united the farmers in class endeavour. An occasional town weekly takes up the tale. Quite recently, whether from conviction or scenting the future, certain city dailies have become not unfriendly. On the whole, however, the movement has failed to secure, in press or on platform, an approach to city people.

When Cobden was engaged in a work similar to that which the leaders in the farmers' movement have now undertaken, he was not satisfied with making himself solid with Manchester and the

factory towns. In the face of strong opposition, even threats of personal violence, he carried his message into rural England. By force of argument, by sincerity and earnestness, he convinced the agricultural interests, bitterly hostile to the repeal of the Corn Laws and the withdrawal of protection from their industry, that the policy which was wisest for the manufacturers was also wisest for the farmers, that the economic interests of England were one and indivisible. The cities of Canada to-day await the zeal and faith and clear thinking of a Cobden.

The present alliance of the farmers with organized labour is one rather of common hostility than of community of interests. Both feel that the business of the country has been predatory and that they are its victims. Some of the labour leaders, it is true, are convinced that a protective tariff naturally encourages the manufacturer and business man to develop predatory instincts. Within the past two years a convention of the Independent Labour Party carried a Free Trade resolution, with one dissenting voice. But in this the leaders have yet to show that they carry the rank and file with them, and superficially at least the farmer has little in common with the type-setter who strikes in these times because he is refused a dollar an hour in wages, or with the railway employee whose annual salary equals the price of a farm and makes transportation charges so high as seriously to impair farm profits. Recurring periods of unemployment and profiteering behind the tariff wall, however, are combining to prepare the mind of the labour man for the seed. Ready also is the mind of the professional man and the clerk.

What, then, is the attitude of the agrarian party to trade and industry, as set forth in the New National Policy? It insists on the "development of our natural resources". Farming, mining, fishing, lumbering, the industries concerned directly with nature, which has been so lavish to the people of Canada, these it would stimulate. Take the lumbering industry, for instance. To-day there is stagnation. The mills are shut down. Lumber camps are closed. Yet people are suffering for want of houses. Marriages are deferred. Children are being herded in apartments. Barns and stables lack repairs. Carpenters are idle. The lumbermen control the natural resources, and the immediate means of exploiting these resources. The lumbermen's association controls the prices, and has been slow to make reductions, thus inviting the conclusion that production is being curtailed in order to maintain high prices. The agrarian policy would encourage the use and conservation of our great forest wealth. If gentle means failed, then foreign competition, the cancelling of licenses or severe taxation would be invoked.

While it would stimulate natural industries, the farmers' platform nowhere shows hostility to manu-

facturing. Its quarrel is simply with the principle of protection, which, it claims, "fosters combines, trusts and gentlemen's agreements, unduly handicaps the basic industries, is a chief corrupting influence in our national life" and is "the most wasteful and costly method ever designed for raising national revenue". The farmer remembers the village and town industries of a generation ago. In many ways they served his needs better than the highly organized industries of to-day. He obtained better wagons from the local wheelwright, better ploughs from the local foundry. He believes that the protective tariff is a misfortune to the manufacturer: it has suggested the watering of stock and the production of inferior goods. He knows that two industries for a quarter of a century have had an opportunity of showing what Canadian manufacturers and workmen could do without state aid, and that both these industries have succeeded. He knows through his farm papers that last spring, when unemployment was general in Brantford, the Brantford Cordage company was running full strength and shipping binder-twine to Ireland, the home of the industry, and to various foreign countries. He has faith in Canadians. He has been compelled to sell his own products in world markets at competitive prices. He thinks that the manufacturer should do the same. He believes that it would be good for the manufacturer's moral and mental health if he were compelled to do the same.

If at times farm leaders have been factious and class-conscious it is because they know that too often it has been the practice of business, big and little, to sell the farmer what he must buy, virtually the raw material used in the production of farm produce—the land, the sun and the air being the gift of God—at the United States price plus duty and freight. In this way farmers have been compelled to pay twenty or thirty or forty or even fifty per cent. more for their essential commodities than their competitors in world markets have had to pay. If farmers grow restless and protest that this is not a fair game they need hardly be decorated with the horns and tail of Lenin.

The city man is now in a position where he can appreciate the farmer's point of view. He too has felt in his own person the effect of this practice of selling at the United States price plus the duty and freight. When he wishes to buy a new car he looks longingly across the border. He reflects, however, that he can recover the few hundred dollars added to the price of the car by marking up the price of the real estate or bacon or neckties he has to sell. His market is a sheltered market. Once, indeed, since the war even the duller of city folk had the effect of the tariff brought home with striking emphasis. Sugar had been hoarded in Canada. The world price fell, and sugar could be imported from the United States, duty and freight and exchange

considered, to undersell Canadian sugar. The Federal authorities intervened. Through the Board of Commerce importation was stopped. Then the voice of unsweetened public opinion was heard in the land. The Board of Commerce—that *deus ex machina*—was smashed as an unlovely idol. It was the most telling lesson in economics city people had ever received. Then for the first time many of them became familiar with a law under which farmers, west and east, had long worked and suffered, and which for some years they had thoroughly understood.

No responsible agrarian leader has ever insisted on immediate free trade in all articles. The New National Policy declares for "an immediate and substantial all-round reduction of the customs tariff". It advocates also an attempt to secure reciprocal trade in natural products with the United States. Now in reciprocity there are always two parties to the bargain. Under any reciprocal arrangement it would certainly be provided that the agreement could not be terminated suddenly, but only after notice of two or more years had been given. The dislocation of business caused by the Fordney tariff could thus be prevented by the giving of time in which to secure other markets, unless indeed the exchange of products proved so satisfactory that it became permanent and a part of the general pacific policy of the North American continent. The free entry of farm machinery and certain similar products is also advocated, though it is not stated that this should be made immediate. Free trade with Great Britain within five years is included. This clause suggests that the idea of a gradual approach to free trade was in the minds of the Council of Agriculture, as well as possibly a shrewd attempt to impale the imperialistic manufacturer on the horns of a dilemma.

The fourth plank of the farmers platform deals with the means to be employed for raising revenue. In view of the contention of Mr. Meighen and others that the farmers are out-and-out and immediate free traders the first sentence of this section is interesting. It begins: "As these tariff reductions may very considerably reduce the national revenue from that source, the Canadian Council of Agriculture would recommend. . . ." Then follow the proposals for direct taxation on unimproved land values, incomes, inheritances, and profits of corporations. It thus appears that an agrarian government would still collect revenue from customs duties, eliminating, however, the protective idea from the tariff and giving free trade in certain essential commodities. When confronted with the task of raising revenue the new Finance Minister would not find his task light. Nor does the present minister; hence possibly the General Elections. The matter of finding the value of Ontario farm land, without improvements, is by no means easy. It is perhaps safe to say that more

than half the farms of Ontario can be bought for less than the replacement values of their buildings and fences. On the other hand land without buildings has considerable value, as is shown when a farmer wishes to add to the size of his farm by purchasing fields from his neighbour. The assessor would be required to accommodate these two factors in arriving at an estimate of unimproved land values". Again the application of the income tax so as to bear equally on the salaried man who buys everything he requires to keep him warm and fed, and on the farmer, who produces much of his living and inevitably adds to capital much of what might be regarded as profit, is a very delicate task. The present Finance Minister comes nowhere near success in it.

But these are questions of the future. The farmers would appear to be right in concluding that hot-house methods of encouraging industry will never give Canada permanent prosperity. Natural wealth we have in abundance. Natural industry, whether on the farm or in the factories, industry developed by Canadians who trust themselves, without fearing or despising others, is to be the industry of Canada in the new era, if the farmers win their case.

C. B. SISSONS.

C. N. R.—II.

IN the August number of this journal an attempt was made to give the genesis of Canada's railway problem, bringing the story down to the report of the Railway Inquiry Commission. The fundamental difficulty was the over-expansion of our railways, largely the result of unwise government aid, and the fact that an increase in population was necessary before normal conditions could be restored. The Canadian Northern was the most promising of the lines in need of assistance. The Grand Trunk Pacific was utterly hopeless. In the period 1916-20 its business, instead of increasing, actually decreased.¹ These lines were in urgent need of Government assistance if they were to continue to operate without going into the receiver's hands. The Grand Trunk Company was involved only in so far as it had guaranteed the securities of the Grand Trunk Pacific Company. This guarantee was absolute up to \$2,594,000 annually and conditional upon there being dividends for the guaranteed stock up to \$1,395,170 annually.² In this number the story will be carried on from 1917 to the present, dealing chiefly with the acquisition of the Canadian Northern and the Grand Trunk.

One comment may, however, be permissible before proceeding. In the pre-war years when public aid to private railway enterprise should have been

¹ Mr. Taft's Official (unrevised) Reasons for the Award, page 87.

² Ibid, page 85.

most sparing, because capital was then most easily obtained, it was actually most lavish; and because it was used in competitive construction much of the good that might have resulted from it was lost. When war-time conditions precipitated the inevitable crisis, moderate aid would probably have been the most economical way to meet the situation, because the shareholders would have tried to borrow as little as possible, so as not to impair their equity in the property. But the revulsion of feeling against the contribution of public funds to private corporations was so great that the government of the day did not see fit to follow that policy. Nationalization found a ready public acceptance. To the carrying out of that policy we shall now turn.

The Drayton-Acworth Report found "that the shareholders of the Company (the Canadian Northern) have no equity either on the ground of cash paid in, or on the ground of physical reproduction cost, or on the ground of the saleable value of their property as a going concern".¹ However, when the Canadian Northern Acquisition Bill came up for discussion in Parliament the chief reasons put forward for its defence were: first, that a receivership must be avoided in the public interest;² second, that the shareholders should be allowed to prove the value, if any, of their property; third, that Professor Swain's valuation of the Company's assets overlooked lands owned by the Company, deferred payments on lands sold, working capital, and cash on hand.³ The bill passed and the Company was taken over on October 1st, 1917. The award of the arbitrators appointed by the Act was made public the following May.⁴ They found that the surplus of assets over liabilities on October 1st, 1917 was, on a conservative basis, not less than \$25,000,000. The chief consideration was, however, not reproduction cost now, but prospective earning power. Upon that basis they found the value of the 600,000 shares still in the hands of the public to be \$10,800,000. The best comment on the whole transaction is that of Lord Shaughnessy:—"While it is probable that in the circumstances the country's interests were best served by the acquisition of the property, it strikes one that the legislation relating to the transaction would have been the subject of less criticism, had provision been made for the payment of a very substantial honorarium to the men who had devoted nearly 20 years of their lives to the establishment and development of the enterprise, instead of the creation of a tribunal to determine the value of something that in the minds of a large section of the public was valueless".⁵

¹ Report of the Railway Inquiry Commission, page xlv.

² Hansard 1917. Sir Thos. White, page 4011, Sir Robert Borden, pages 40.8, 4485, 4867, 5115-18.

³ Ibid. Sir Thos. White, page 4468.

⁴ Toronto Globe, May 27, 1918, contains full text.

⁵ Memorandum to Premier Meighen April 25, 1921.

The government of the day could rightly claim that, in respect to the Canadian Northern, the facts of the situation forced its hand, and that nationalization was the easiest way out of a very bad situation. But if relieved of its obligations to the Grand Trunk Pacific the Grand Trunk would, quite possibly, have been able to work out its own salvation. It must therefore be concluded either that the Government was honestly convinced that the national interest would be best served by the adoption of public ownership of railways as a fixed policy, or that it acted in response to the public opinion of the moment, without attempting to determine whether such action would really be best. The evidence at hand would seem to show that the latter course was the one followed. "Public opinion greatly exercised by proposed increase of railway rates. We are hearing appeal to-day from Railway Board's decision. Having regard to all conditions which confront the Government it seems highly probable that circumstances will compel us to take active steps toward nationalization of Canadian railways in immediate future".¹ So reads a cablegram from Sir Robert Borden to President Smithers of the Grand Trunk dated January 24th, 1918. It may properly be asked whether the circumstances mentioned were sufficient reason for so serious an act. So late as February, 1919, the Grand Trunk offered to operate the Canadian Northern Lines east of North Bay, and to enter into an agreement for the interchange of traffic at that point.² There were stipulations in the offer which made it impossible to accept it without alteration, but it did present a sound basis for negotiation, had the Government so desired. If this point is clear, namely that nationalization of the Grand Trunk was not inevitable, and that an agreement for the interchange of traffic might have been made, which would have given the National Lines all the advantages of a large traffic-gathering net-work of lines in Ontario and Quebec, without increasing the liabilities of the Government, then the various moves and countermoves leading up to the agreement for the acquisition of the stock of the Company may be neglected here. The agreement provided that the Government should guarantee the returns on the debenture and guaranteed stocks from the date of the appointment of a board of management³ by the Government, and that a Board of Arbitrators should be constituted to determine the value of the preference and common stocks. The award of the Arbitrators, Sir Walter Cassels, Sir Thos. White, and Mr. W. H. Taft, was made public on September 7th, 1921, and their findings will now be considered.

Sir Walter Cassels and Sir Thomas White decided that the Company was practically bankrupt

¹ Sessional paper No. 90, 1919, page 3.

² Ibid, pages 15 and 16.

³ The Board was appointed in May 1920.

when the Government took it over, which was also the time at which value was to be determined, and that the stocks under arbitration were, therefore, worthless. Theirs was the majority decision, and unless a successful appeal is made the Government will come into possession of those stocks, having paid nothing for them except its share of the costs of arbitration. Mr. Taft gave a more detailed decision, which is well worthy of analysis.

The case before the Board really rested upon two points; first, was the property suffering seriously from under-maintenance so that large capital expenditures were immediately necessary to restore it to proper operating condition? Second, were the immediate necessary betterments, most of them non-revenue bearing, so extensive that the resulting fixed charges would wipe out the possibility of any return to the shareholders for many years to come?

Upon the first question, that of maintenance, the evidence is very conflicting, and facts hitherto unknown were brought to light. As the text of the award is still in the hands of the King's Printer at the time of writing, reliance will be placed on the following account given in the daily press. "Mr. Taft refers to the difference in reports issued by the Grand Trunk to suit various purposes. "In 1917" he said, "the president and London management of the Company" were anxious to have the Government take over the Grand Trunk Pacific and restore to them monies which the Grand Trunk had put into the enterprise. They were then anxious to make a showing of poverty and understated their actual revenues in their published reports by some millions. The report of Mr. Howard G. Kelley, then chief engineer, Mr. Taft refers to as a "de luxe estimate" of needed expenditures and needed maintenance. (This report was submitted to the Railway Inquiry Commission in 1917 and showed deferred maintenance at that date of \$21,000,000.)¹ . . . Manipulation of the company's accounts by the London office is referred to at several points in Mr. Taft's report".²

But the result of these actions was that they brought up-to-date the old fable of the shepherd who called "wolf" when there was no danger. They were designed to create the impression of poverty. They succeeded only too well. President Kelley testified under oath that the heavy expenditures of 1919 and 1920 out of the concealed earnings overtook all deferred maintenance, and that the road was now up to trunk line standard, capable of handling a 50% increase in traffic with a very small additional expenditure. Sir Walter Cassels disregards this evidence, relying upon the earlier estimate. Mr. Taft says of him "I may add with reference to the views of the Chairman of the Board, as to the bank-

ruptcy of the Grand Trunk, that they seem to be based largely on the Drayton-Acworth report and its contents made now more than four years ago in 1917". Perhaps the explanation is that the item of deferred maintenance was not of great importance after the expenditure of that reserve fund.

Upon the question of betterments Sir Walter Cassels and Sir Thomas White, and particularly the former, accept the estimates of the experts employed by the Government, one of whom went so far as to suggest that the wooden grain elevators of the System should be torn down, and concrete ones substituted, notwithstanding the fact that the existing elevators were capable of giving many more years of good service. Yet that is not an extreme case. Their evidence seemed to be based on the idea that branch lines should be brought up to main line standard, regardless of whether increased income would justify the expenditure. Such evidence should surely not be accepted without reservation, by a Board whose duty it was to determine the value "to the holders thereof" of the stocks to be acquired. Yet it seems to have been accepted in that spirit by Sir Walter Cassels.

Mr. Taft did not attempt a general justification of all the acts of the Company as the following quotation will show. "The association of the Grand Trunk Railway Company with the Grand Trunk Pacific and the Trans-continental is the tragic part of the story of the Grand Trunk Railway Company of Canada whose history, *in spite of certain indefensible acts of the London management*, is one which should arouse the gratitude of the people of Canada".¹

¹ Official (unrevised) Reasons for the Award, page 89. But he points out that even though the Board of Directors acted improperly, that does not warrant any reduction in the award to the stockholders. The Board was formed to determine the value of the property, not to hold a criminal prosecution.

Mr. Taft concludes with an estimate that the Grand Trunk would be able to meet all its liabilities, including its Grand Trunk Pacific guarantees, in 1926, and still be able to pay the dividends upon the stocks under arbitration. This estimate is based upon the assumption that freight traffic will increase at the rate of 6% per annum (this was true of the period 1911-20) and that operating expenses will by that time have been reduced to 75% of gross earnings. Such an estimate appears rather optimistic, but many people would be disposed to agree with him if the date set were 1930.

At the time of writing an appeal from the majority decision of the Board of Arbitration seems certain, for the investing public of Britain has been antagonized. Canada, meanwhile, has guaranteed the interest on the Company's debenture and guaranteed stocks, amounting, along with the other fixed charges, to \$12,800,000 annually. The gain from

¹ See the report of the Railway Inquiry Commission, page XXXIII.

² *Mail and Empire*, Toronto, September 8, 1921.

this move is problematical. The Grand Trunk is not merely a local line which can be fitted into the Canadian National System. It is really an international line. "Serving considerable portions of the Provinces of Ontario and Quebec the Grand Trunk System enjoys a substantial business of Canadian traffic but its international business yields the greater part of its gross revenue".¹ If sentimental reasons impede the flow of this traffic, then the Grand Trunk will be a source of tremendous loss.

While it remained in private hands the Grand Trunk was greatly hampered by its absentee ownership. That was in reality what kept it from attaining the front rank. Mr. Taft says that "through a school of apprentices and other methods, an *esprit de corps* has been acquired that has been very valuable to the Company, and it can be stated with confidence that, had the policy of the Company as dictated from London been as prudent, as wise, and as effective as the local management through the offices of the Grand Trunk here, the fate of the property would have been different".² The people of Canada, and students of railway problems generally will watch with interest to see whether the new management will be permitted by the new owners to show the wisdom, the prudence, and above all the flexibility which the old one lacked.

JOHN L. McDOUGALL.

Count Leo N. Tolstoy, 1890-1910

PART IV.—1910

It was not my fortune to visit Russia again until eleven years had elapsed. On this occasion I went from Canada via the Pacific and the Siberian Railway. Sometime before starting upon the long railway journey I wrote to the Tolstoy family from Port Arthur or Mukden intimating the date of my probable arrival at Moscow. When I reached Moscow I found letters awaiting me urging me warmly to go to Yasnaya Polyana immediately on my arrival and to stay there as long as possible. Had I known at the time what lay behind these friendly messages nothing would have prevented my setting off for Yasnaya Polyana without delay, but I did not know until later. The scorching heat to which I had been subjected in China during July appeared to have no injurious influences, but when I arrived in Moscow in the beginning of August there was an unusually cold spell. People were wearing great coats in the streets whereas when I had been in Moscow before in August the lightest of silk clothing was none too light. I had not been in Moscow many hours before I con-

tracted a severe cold. While I was considering the expediency of setting off at once for Yasnaya Polyana I received a telegram from Professor V. V. Svyatlovsky of St. Petersburg advising me that on the next evening he was passing through Moscow on his way to Yalta in the Crimea and inviting me to stay with him there for a week or two. This was most welcome for the climate of Yalta is delightful and it seemed to offer precisely what I needed. I accepted at once, with the consequence that I spent a much longer time in southern Russia than I had intended and my visit to Yasnaya Polyana had to be postponed from the beginning of August until the end of that month.

On my way north from Kiev and Cheringov I stopped at Tula. I had been travelling rather rapidly, had lost touch with the Tolstoy family and had, therefore, to make inquiries at Tula as to the whereabouts of the various members of the family. It occurred to me that it was not improbable the Governor of Tula might know whether Count Tolstoy was at Yasnaya Polyana at that moment. I therefore called upon him. Unfortunately he was presiding at a meeting of his Council and could not see me personally, but with great politeness he sent his secretary to inform me that Count Tolstoy was staying with his daughter Tatiana, now Madame Soukhatin, on the estate of her husband near Mzensk, in the government of Orel. The Governor was even good enough to instruct his secretary to find out the most suitable trains for me and to direct me by the most convenient route. Under these circumstances I decided to telegraph to Vladimir Tchertkoff, Tolstoy's literary adviser and later his executor, who lived on a small estate near Yasnaya Polyana and with whom I had had relations for many years. Shortly I received from him a telegram confirming the information of the Governor and inviting me to go on at once to his place.

I arrived there in the evening and found not only Tchertkoff but the Countess Olga, whom I had met in 1899. She was, as I had known, the sister of Madame Tchertkoff, as well as the sister of Captain Dieterichs, who had some years before spent several weeks with me in Toronto. From them I received a very melancholy account of the Tolstoy family. Count André Tolstoy, the husband of the Countess Olga, had eloped with the wife of the Governor of Tula, the very man who had been so courteous to me. This elopement was followed by divorce. The Countess and her little daughter were living with her sister. Some of the other members of the Tolstoy family had in other ways given Tolstoy much sorrow and the relations between himself and his wife had been in consequence seriously affected. I realized that without any ill intent Tchertkoff was prone to emotional views, but when all due allowance was made on this score I gathered that the conduct of some of her sons and her attitude towards her husband

¹ Memorandum of Lord Shaughnessy to Premier Meighen, April 25, 1921.

² Reasons for the Award, page 77.

showed that the Countess Tolstoy, in spite of many good qualities, was an over-fond mother and a rather less than devoted wife. The marriage of Tatiana had, I realized, made a great difference in the family relations. Her practical sagacity had enabled her to act as a unifying influence and through her shrewd management of the affairs of the estate had kept the family in comfortable circumstances. The withdrawal of her competent management had diminished the family income, which had been further impaired by the advance of wages due to the revolutionary movement of 1905-7. The relations between the Tolstoy and their peasants were by no means so cordial as they had been. In order to protect the château against attack by their own or neighbouring peasants the Countess had employed an armed Ingushi (a mountaineer from the Caucasus) who was indeed at that moment still at Yasnaya Polyana. Moreover the extravagance of some of the sons of the house had brought the Countess into the worry of financial difficulties from which she saw no relief but in the copywriting of her husband's works in foreign countries and in the exploitation of them there as well as in Russia in order to supplement her income. These proceedings could not, of course, meet with the approval of Tolstoy. He had always refused to accept personal benefit from his writings. He had given away the money forced upon him by publishers and he had often given away his manuscripts without return of any kind. When acute financial crises resulted in hysteria on the part of the Countess the prophet-like calm of Tolstoy was seriously disturbed and the whole structure of the family life was shaken. The Tchertkoffs told me that the visit of Tolstoy to Mzensk was of the nature of a flight. He could not stand the strain of the situation and simply ran away from it.

Under these circumstances I was in doubt whether I should pursue Tolstoy to Orel, much as I desired to see him once more. Tchertkoff telegraphed to Madame Soukhatin and I received an urgent invitation to go there so soon as the stream of visitors who had gone to congratulate Tolstoy upon his eighty-second birthday on the twenty-eighth of August had ceased. I spent some days with the Tchertkoffs, and one day drove to Yasnaya Polyana. The Countess Olga, who had a pretty wit, advised me that I should meet there her successor, the former wife of the Governor and now the wife of her former husband. She remarked that I should find her a very stupid woman. Had she not been so she never would have eloped with André. I did meet her and I was inclined to agree. At Yasnaya Polyana also I met Count Leo, the younger, one of the sons of Tolstoy whom I had not previously met. He is known only from his having written *The Chopin Interlude*, a kind of reply to his father's *Kreutzer Sonata*. I have not read the book and therefore have

no opinion about it. The author did not impress me. He spoke as a pronounced Slavophil—even to the point of extreme chauvinism. He thought that the Russian spirit was bound to dominate the world. I had no leisure to do otherwise than make casual observations, but the indications of inferior management of the estate thrust themselves into the eyes. The roads were almost impassable in the day time, at night absolutely impassable; the village was clearly deteriorated. The brick houses—a new experiment on my former visit—were tumbling to pieces, the *izbas* were dilapidated and the whole village bore a forlorn aspect. I left it with a feeling of profound depression.

A few days later I arrived at Mzensk to meet with a cheery reception from Madame Soukhatin and her elderly husband and an affectionate greeting from Tolstoy. He at once began to tell me of his family affairs, but rightly or wrongly I checked him. I told him I had heard all about them from Tchertkoff, that the details were too painful for repetition and I begged to talk of other matters. Tolstoy was in fairly good health; he had been cheered by his birthday visitors and, for the moment, he had felt release from his worries. The Countess had followed him to Mzensk but had left the previous day. We had a long walk and he spoke of the future of the world. He found no comfort in governmental changes, and little in any social changes taken by themselves. He thought that the great need of the world was a religious movement. I thought of the similar idea of Stepunxk, a very different type of mind, and I wondered whether the new religious movement was destined to develop into a formal ecclesiasticism as most of the historical religious movements have done. Tolstoy did not seem to think so. He thought that a pervasive religious emotion without doctrine and without ritual was what was needed. With this pious hope, which I fully shared, the great question had to be left.

The only other visitor at Madame Soukhatin's was Dr. Makovitski, the faithful physician of Tolstoy, who constantly attended him. I had much to attend to in Moscow and St. Petersburg and the day when I must leave Russia was approaching. To my lasting regret I had to go after too short a visit. Madame Soukhatin was anxious for me to stay and I wish I had been able to do so. What Tolstoy needed was a little healthy and commonsense companionship, a little support against the atmosphere of idolatry on the one hand and, on the other, of petty worries over domestic, pecuniary and like complications which incurably compromised the simplicity he had strained after for himself and advocated for others.

As, after the Russian fashion, I kissed Tolstoy good-bye, and when I saw his tall figure at the door waving his hand to me on setting off on my long drive to the railway I felt that I was bidding him farewell

for ever. About two months after I saw him he left home, finally shaking from his feet the life of compromise with unworthy things. No doubt his flight was due to mingled motives. He had always felt impatience with his anomalous position. He had desired to give up his property and to divest himself of the responsibilities entailed by its possession. But his family would not allow him to do so. At a certain moment they even threatened to put him under restraint if he attempted to abandon his property. Yet he continued to feel the contradiction between his doctrine and his practice. Relatively to the country life of many landed proprietors in Russia and elsewhere, Tolstoy's life, as may be gathered from the sketch I have given of it, was simple; relatively to the life of the peasants in his own village it was complex. Nor could it be otherwise. Its complexity was inherent. But, in addition to this motive, undoubtedly strong and undoubtedly present in his mind for a long time, there was another motive of more recent origin. He became weary of ceaseless strife and bitterness, of clamour for money to support things he did not approve of, to be raised by means that were repugnant to him. Some people would have, and could have, resisted these clamours and paid no attention to them, leaving home for a time if necessary by way of protest. Tolstoy was differently built; he had always preached the gospel of non-resistance. Flight from evil was the only logical resort when the pressure became too heavy. Moreover he was getting old and wearied and even had he held other doctrines than those of non-resistance he had little strength left to carry them into practice. Yet I think he might have been able, with assistance, to hold his position and avoid flight. As it was, he went, collapsed on the way, and on the tenth of November, 1910, he died in a cottage.

The Russian public went wild with enthusiasm. Never was the influence of Tolstoy so high as at the moment of his death. His last act was interpreted as a symbol of the abandonment by Russia of pursuit of material progress and of single-minded devotion to spiritual advancement. The event did justify Tolstoy's action. His flight from home and comfort struck the luxurious and extravagant society of the capitals like a blow in the face. For a moment, at least, they thought of other sides of life than those with which they were familiar. Tolstoy was one of themselves. He knew their life perfectly; he had fully shared it in earlier days. His renunciation of it was real and, followed as it was by death, was sacrificial. From an artistic point of view a tragic end of Tolstoy's career was inevitable. His misfortunes were due to causes too deeply seated to be atoned for in any way save by sacrifice—and the only sacrifice possible was the sacrifice of life.

JAMES MAVOR.

(Conclusion)

Homestead

I

THRESHING AT NIGHT

A red moon rising.
Across the stubble
Rings the tractor's note,
Steel-hard, steel-sharp, through the frosty air.

*Closer, come closer,
Come, drugged like a fire-led moth, to the engine.*

The smoky umber light of a single lantern
Glow on the polished belt.
The blown chaff rustles;
Hungriily
The open mouth gulps down the sheaves.
Gray racks dropping their loads into shadow;
Shadows within shadows,
Moving.
The high moon
Turns the down-pouring grain
To a stream of whispering gold.

II

THE SHACK

The tall black pines cry shrilly in the storm,
And clouds drive down, shrouding the hill's dim form
In a roaring night.
Shadows move slinking away from light,
And upturned roots seem living. Things of fear
Pass in the darkness.

Far across the drear
And wind-torn solitude, a small light shines,
Gleaming faintly through the lashing pines
To guide me back.
Jim Anderson and I fashioned the shack
With sure, slow labor, notching log on log. . . .
Jim died last Spring—

My small white foolish dog
Will bark his welcome as I stumble in. . . .
When work is done and the long hours begin,
I shall lie smoking in my bunk, and stare
At shadows. . . .

III

A GRAVE BY THE ATHABASCA

A sodded mound—a can of withered flowers—
Railed in with slender poplar. Far below
The river boils, and through the eternal hours
The dead may watch the cold brown waters flow.

He craved companionship. Instead, came Death,
Knocking upon his door with fingers rude,
And for his strength of limb, his sight, his breath,
Illiberal, gave him only solitude.

KEMPER HAMMOND BROADUS.

The P.B.I.
or
Mademoiselle of Bully Grenay

II.

**DUGOUT OCCUPIED BY DON COMPANY HEAD-
QUARTERS.**

The entrance to the dugout is in the right rear corner and is covered by a gas-blanket. Nailed to the right wall and near the front of the dugout is a rickety table, on which there is a Don Three telephone. Above this table are two tomato cans, which have been slit down the side and then spread open to form a protecting shade for the candles which are burning in them.

Along the back-wall of the dugout is a double-decker chicken-wire bunk. At the back and in the left corner stands a collapsible tripod supporting an officer's canvas wash-basin, which is part of Green's kit. On the floor around this are some petrol-tins full of water. Hanging from the bunk is a medium-sized bath-towel.

Nailed to the left wall is a small shelf on which are a couple of whisky-bottles, some Very-light flares and other odds and ends.

In the centre of the dugout is a raggedy table of rough and weather beaten pine planks, which have been slapped together by some amateur pioneer, who apparently had a hammer and nails, but no hand-saw. On this table are maps, orderly-room chits, a copy of the Daily Mail, a couple of issues of La Vie Parisienne and two candles, one of which is burning in a whisky-bottle, and the other on a condensed milk tin, but both of which are shaded by the regulation tincans.

It is still the first afternoon of the tour but it is now about four pip emma. Signaller Buck Graham is seated at the wall-table, scribbling down the latter part of the following message as it is buzzed off by the phone.

S M 15:40

P X Q 8 words

OXO

B M 4 21/5/18 AAA.

Old Red Pepper inspecting line to-day. AAA.

Look out. AAA. CUB.

VE RD FO FU

Harris is sitting at mess table, diligently polishing the buttons on Green's tunic, and at the same time talking to Graham.

Harris. Wot bally rot. The Boss wants his buttons cleaned up here in the trenches. I see where it's going to take me some time to get him properly trained.

The signal message ends. Graham turns round to Harris.

Graham. Say Harris, where's Mr. Green?

Harris. Oh, I told him he could go up on top and watch our flying-pigs go over.

Graham. Chase up and give him this message.

Harris. Where do you get that noise? I ain't no runner.

Harris grumblingly takes the message and starts over to the stairway.

Graham. Ac Company has just tipped us off that the Brigadier-General is coming up our way with a whole flock of redtabs and brass-hats.

Harris pulls aside the gas curtain and starts upstairs, but finds Nobby Clark, a runner, sleeping on the steps.

Harris. Here Nobby, wake up.

Harris grabs Nobby by the shoulder and shakes him.

Harris. Nobby, wake up.

Nobby. Go way.

Harris. Take this message to Mr. Green, Nobby.

Nobby. Where is he?

Harris. I told him not to go far, so you'll probably find him at the top of the stairs.

Nobby. All right.

Harris comes back into the dugout.

Harris. Lucky there is somebody around here to check up those runners or they would get so fat and lazy they wouldn't be able to squeeze out of the dugout at the end of the tour.

Graham. Yes . . . All the same batmen.

Graham crosses to the bunk and awakens Roberts, the other signaller.

Graham. Roll out, Roberts.

There is no reply.

Harris. So the old Jigadier-Brindle is prowling around the front-line. Looks like dirty work at the crossroads.

Graham. Show a leg, Roberts. It's four o'clock.

Roberts grunts inarticulately.

Graham. Out you come. It's your shift.

Roberts sleepily crawls out and goes over to the phone and O.K.'s the line to Ac Company. Then, with much yawning, stretching and rubbing of eyes, he settles down into an attitude of the most abject misery. Graham sits down at the officers' table and starts to munch hard-tack and bully. Corporal Binks, the Battalion Gas N.C.O., is heard on the stairs.

Binks. Is this Don Company Head-Quarters?

Harris. Who wants to know?

Binks. Gas corporal.

Harris. Ay, this is Don Company.

Binks enters with a petrol-tin of vermoral anti-gas solution.

Harris. Wot's up now?

Binks. Here's some vermoral anti-gas solution . . . Anything to put it in?

Harris glances around the dugout and then takes a whisky bottle down from the shelf. On shaking it, he discovers that there is still a little whisky in it. He promptly swigs it off.

Binks. Any more where that 'ae from, Harris?

Harris hands over the empty bottle to Binks, who fills it with vermoral solution.



MAN WITH SCYTHE

BY

FRANK CARMICHAEL

Harris. Binks, my boy, you're much too young to be fed on this here snake-poison.

Binks hands back the bottle of vermoral solution to Harris.

Binks. Better label that bottle, Harris . . . If somebody mistakes it for whisky, you'll be for it.

Binks goes up the stairway. As soon as he is out of earshot Harris pompously throws out his chest and speaks to no one in particular.

Harris. I guess there ain't no need for Gas to tell us fighting-men how to carry on the War.

Harris replaces the bottle on the shelf without labelling it. He then picks up Green's tunic and resumes his interrupted polishing.

Graham. Nobby's taking a long time to find Green.

Harris. O I told the Boss that it was a good time to get souvenirs, so he probably has drifted off on a Cook's tour of the line. He'll have all the work of collecting a bunch of mementos and then I'll have the sport of sending them home . . . to my girl.

A heavy crump explodes up above, between the front line and the supports. Its dull reverberation shakes the dugout.

Harris. Suffering boiler-factories. I hope the Boss wasn't up on top picking himself a bouquet of daisies when that one exploded.

Harris extracts a silver cigarette case from the pocket of Green's tunic.

Harris. You know, Graham, my Boss is an awful fool in many ways but I'll say this much for him—he smokes jolly good fags.

Harris opens the cigarette case.

Harris. Wonderful luck, Graham, old man. Just in time for the last two.

Graham, expecting to get fifty-fifty on the loot, tosses over a box of matches.

Graham. Here are some matches, Harris.

Harris. Thanks, Graham. I'll take a couple and then I'll not have to trouble you again when I want to smoke the other gasper.

Harris calmly sticks one cigarette behind his ear, lights the other and then replaces the empty cigarette case in Green's tunic.

Graham. Harris, I hope it gasses you.

Graham crawls disgustedly into the bunk. Green enters, all agog with excitement and still carrying the message form in his hand.

Green. Say, Harris, I just saw a big one explode.

Harris. You want to be careful, sir, and don't run any unnecessary risks. I've lost too many of my young officers that way.

Green. Tut-tut, Harris. I've been in the Army long enough to be able to look after myself.

Harris. Yes sir, but if anything should happen to you, I'd be held responsible by the Major . . . O by the way, sir, a runner was telling me that we're going to lose Major Mackenzie.

Green. What? . . . How?

Harris. O the Major's earned a cushy billet, sir, and so we're sending him off to take a job on Brigade Staff.

Green. Brigade Staff? Good . . . That reminds me, Harris, the Brigadier-General is coming around the trenches and I must smarten up a bit before he gets here . . . Lay out my good tunic and give me some washing-water.

Harris picks up a petrol-tin and pours some water into the tripod washbasin. Green takes off his tunic and prepares to wash.

Green. Is that water fit for drinking?

Harris. O yes sir. I got it out of a good clean shell-hole.

Lieutenant Pearson, the Battalion Works Officer, enters dugout.

Pearson. Afternoon, Green.

Green. Really, I'm afraid you have the advantage of me.

Pearson. We've met around Headquarters' Mess in Bully-Grenay. I'm Pearson, the Battalion Works Officer.

Green. O right, Pearson. Just sit down.

Pearson. Where's Major Mackenzie?

Green. He's out inspecting the front-line.

Pearson. I wanted to see him about some wiring that is to be done to-night out by the Sunken Road. But if he's up in the front-line, heaven knows how long it will be before he gets back, so I'll just scribble off a chit and leave it here for him.

Pearson sits down and starts writing on a message pad.

Green. I hear a rumor that Major Mackenzie is being sent to the Staff.

Pearson. Yes, I guess he's for it all right. He doesn't want to leave his company and the Colonel doesn't want to lose him but the Brigadier feels that Major Mackenzie is too experienced an officer to be wasted in the front-line.

Green. Talking of the Brigadier, I just received a signal message saying that he is making a tour of the trenches this afternoon.

Pearson. What? Old Red Pepper out on the war-path again? Hope he doesn't get up on our frontage. He'd go raving mad if he ever saw how Fritz has blown up the barbed-wire out by the Sunken Road.

Green. Does the Brigadier-General often come up into the front-line trenches?

Pearson. Well . . . I'd hardly say "often." He frequently intends to pay us a visit but he doesn't always arrive. The Jigadier-Brindle is a good old sport but he's not very keen on getting plastered with the mud, filth and corruption of the front-line.

Just give him a decent excuse and he'll hustle straight back to his château at Maroc.

Brigadier-General Wellington Montagu-Smythe is heard on the dugout stairs speaking to his orderly.

General. Here, confound it, my man, hold that billy-be-hanged candle so I can see the steps.

Pearson. Hello, here's the General now.

General. Now, my man, here's the last step. Run up to the trench and wait for me there.

The General hits his head on the lintel of the dugout entrance.

General. Wowwwwwww!

The General enters holding his forehead with both hands. Everybody in the dugout springs to attention.

General. Why can't those blinkety-blank billy-be-hanged Engineers make dugout doors large enough to let me get through them without cracking my blessed skull open.

Pearson. Are you badly hurt, sir?

General. Yes . . . My head's nearly split . . . Get this beastly thing fixed at once.

Pearson. Yes sir.

General. Now where's the Company Commander?

Pearson. Major Mackenzie's up in the front-line, sir.

General. Ah yes. Just so. Let me see now, who are you?

Pearson. Pearson, sir, Battalion Works Officer.

General. Ah yes, Pearson, certainly; your name was just on the tip of my tongue, Johnson.

Pearson. And this is Mr. Green, sir, one of our new officers.

General. Ah yes . . . Quite so . . . Ah-er . . . you have joined a very fine unit, my boy . . . One of the finest regiments in my Brigade.

The General proudly throws out his chest.

General. O Thompson, did you say the Company Commander was here?

Pearson. No sir. He's up in Chicory Trench.

General. Ah then, I'll see him there . . . I'm going up now to inspect the front-line . . . I have received reports that the barbed-wire on this sector is in a most shocking condition . . . You'll come along with me, Pearson, and show me over the frontage.

Pearson. Very good, sir.

General. Then we're all ready?

Pearson. Yes sir.

General. All right. Come along.

General and Pearson start to go out the dugout door.

General. O bless my soul, I nearly forgot that I had to phone my Head-Quarters at Maroc.

Pearson. Signals are over in this corner, sir.

General. Ah yes . . . Just so.

General struts over to Roberts, who is on duty at Signal instrument.

General. Get me my Head-Quarters, my good man. I wish to speak to Major Blake.

Roberts. Orders against speaking over the phone, sir.

General. But confound it, I'm the General of this Brigade.

Roberts. Orders are orders, sir.

General. I'm the General that makes the orders. . . . Get me my château.

Roberts. Very good, sir.

Roberts starts to buzz the call on instrument. General peers short-sightedly around the dugout to see whom he may devour. He spots Buck Graham.

General. What are you, my good man?

Buck. Signaller, sir.

General. Ah yes . . . Signaller . . . Brains of the Army, what-what? . . . Then tell me, my man, what is the Tactical Defence Scheme . . . ah-er . . . for this Brigade Sector . . . ah-er . . . in case the beastly Boche should launch an attack . . . ah-er . . . against our battle-positions?

Buck. We'd fight like hell and then souvenir any Huns what survived.

General. Ah yes . . . That covers the correct procedure . . . Now run along and tell my orderly that I intend to go up to the front-line in a few minutes.

Buck goes upstairs. Roberts is still buzzing the instrument without getting the connection. General impatiently turns to Roberts.

General. Come, come . . . Such delay . . . This won't do at all . . . Hurry up, hurry up.

Roberts. Kiwi is on the line now, sir.

General. I'll speak to them myself.

The General takes up the receiver and inadvertently places his elbow on the key of the instrument. There is an insistent and continuous buzzing.

General. Who's making that abominable noise?

Roberts. You've got your elbow on the key, sir.

General. Bless me, so I have.

The General lifts his elbow and the buzzing ceases.

General. Are you theah? Is that Kiwi? I want to speak to Major Blake . . . To Major . . .

The General jerks violently back and lets the instrument fall on his toe.

General. OUCH!

The General dances around on one foot, nursing the other in his hands.

General. Johnson, I'm wounded.

Signaller Roberts picks up the instrument and lays it on the table again. The General finally calms down enough to renew his attack against the Signal Service.

General. Are you theah? Who are you? The R.T.O.? I don't want the R.T.O. Get off the line.

The General piteously complains to Pearson.

General. The confounded thing does nothing but sizzle, Pearson. What's it sizzling at me for?

Pearson. May I get your connection for you, sir?

General. Confound it, no. I have enough brains to be able to handle a telephone.

The General picks up the instrument again.

General. Are you theah? . . . Confound you, I have pressed the button . . . I have shaken the receiver.

The General again seeks consolation from Pearson.

General. Thompson, the beastly thing does nothing but whistle and burble and jabber.

The General makes yet another attempt to get through.

General. Hello, Hello . . . Yes . . . It's the General speaking . . . I want my Head-Quarters . . . I say I want my Head-Quarters.

A heavy, but dull and muffled thud shakes the dugout as a rumjar explodes up above in the trench.

General. Good heavens . . . The beastly Boche must be registering on this dugout.

Pearson. The Huns have been plastering our front-line with big minnies all afternoon, sir.

General. Ah yes . . . So I noticed coming up.

Pearson. And his heavies have been pounding our forward communication-trenches unmercifully.

General. Just so . . . The enemy appears very hostile to-day.

Pearson. He's been shelling the back-areas wickedly, sir, but intermittently. There appears to be a lull in his strafe just now. Do you think, sir, it would be wisest for you to return to Maroc while things keep quiet?

Roberts has been trying to get through on the line but it is dead.

Roberts. Pardon, sir, but our line is out, sir. That last crump must have come right down on it.

General. How annoying. . . How beastly annoying. . . I must keep in constant touch with my Head-Quarters and if I can't do it by Signals then I must go back in person.

Pearson. Yes sir.

General. I fully intended to go around the front-line but now I think it better to hasten back to my chateau at Maroc and from there I will turn the heavies on the enemy . . . Brrrrrrrrrrrr-er!

Pearson. On your way back, sir, would you drop in at Battalion Head-Quarters and have afternoon tea with us?

General. Splendid suggestion, Simpson. . . . Splendid . . . Come along.

Green. Before you leave, sir, would you care to have a little something to drink?

Green goes over to the shelf and takes down the whisky bottle, containing the vermoral solution.

General. Thanks, Mr. . . . ah-er . . .

Pearson. Green, sir.

General. Ah yes, Mr. Green . . . Really would rather enjoy a little nip . . . Very tiring walk up here.

Green hands the General the bottle and a collapsible nickel pocket-cup. General looks approvingly at the label on the bottle and then pours himself out a generous jolt.

General. Hmmmmmm . . . and a very fine old blend too.

Harris has been standing stupidly watching, hypnotized and paralyzed by the prospect of the catastrophe which he perceives to be imminent. Vacillating between his desire to see the inevitable eruption and his fear of suffering the consequences of his temerity, he stands rooted to the ground. The General raises the cup.

Harris. Holy Mike!

Harris loses his nerve, dashes across the dugout and bolts out the door. He can be heard pounding up the stairs, almost falling over himself in his hurry.

General. What's the meaning of this? *Pearson,* see that disciplinary action is taken against that man.

Pearson. Yes sir.

The General again raises the cup.

General. Here is your very good health, gentlemen.

The General gulps down a large mouthful of the vermoral solution and immediately starts to splutter violently.

General. Confound it! I'm poisoned!

The General coughs and hawks and fumes around in a blind rage. His brass cap falls off as he is stamping about.

General. Where's that young cub of an officer? . . . What do you mean, sir?

Green. Sir, I . . . er . . .

General interrupts in a howling passion, raging up and down the dugout.

General. What do you mean, sir, talking back to me? I didn't say you might speak to me . . . Never suffered such an indignity in all my life . . . *Pearson,* I expect action to be taken against this rascal.

Pearson. Yes sir.

The General rushes up the stairs in a mad fury.

Pearson. Vesuvius in eruption. Zowie!

Pearson picks up the bottle, takes a sniff at the contents and then cautiously tastes it by moistening the tip of his finger with the liquid and touching it to his tongue.

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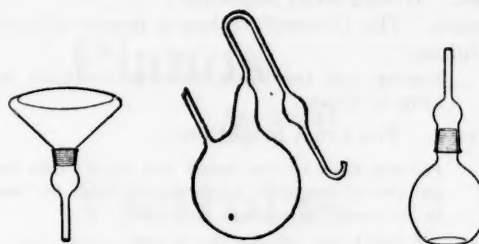
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Pearson. Well, this is priceless!

Green. Wh-wh-what happened?

Pearson. The General's taken a bracer of anti-gas solution.

Pearson sets the bottle down on the table and turns to Green.

Pearson. You are a bright one.

Pearson flops on the bench and bursts into loud guffaws of laughter, while Green holds his head in his hands in hopeless dejection.

Green. I can't see where the laugh comes in.

Pearson speaks with difficulty between his roars of mirth.

Pearson. No, I don't suppose you do . . . But if I were you, I'd have that batman who just beat it out transferred to the Trench Mortars.

Pearson is now somewhat more composed.

Pearson. Well, I'll toddle along. The dear old Jen will be putting his nicely varnished boot into a sump-hole and I want to be there to see the fireworks.

Pearson crosses to the door.

Pearson. Chin-chin, old bean. You'll learn.

Pearson goes up the stairs. Green is a picture of gloomy despondency. He gets up and starts walking back and forth, with his hands thrust deep down in the pockets of his breeches and staring at the ground in dismal dejection. Roberts gets up from the phone.

Roberts. Sir, the line's out and the phone will be no use until it's fixed. May I go out on it with the other signaller and hunt for the break?

Green. Yes. Yes. Go anywhere but get out quick.

Roberts. Yes sir.

Roberts puts on his tin-hat and respirator.

Green. And take this infernal bottle and bury it in a shell-hole.

Green thrusts the bottle at Roberts.

Green. And if you see my batman, tell him to come down here at once. I have something important to say to him.

Roberts goes up the stairs. Green subsides into his former mood of disconsolate despair.

Green. I'm done for now.



Literary Competitions

We offer a prize of five dollars to the reader who can identify the largest number of the following quotations. The name of the author and of the work from which the quotation is cited must be given in each case.

- (1) Papa, potatoes, poultry, prunes, and prism.
- (2) An ambassador is an honest man sent to lie abroad for the good of his country.
- (3) Marriage has many pains, but celibacy has no pleasures.
- (4) Thou shalt not kill, but need'st not strive
Officiously to keep alive.
- (5) The greatest pleasure I know, is to do a good action by stealth, and to have it found out by accident.
- (6) The Irish are a fair people: they never speak well of one another.
- (7) There was never fair woman but she made mouths in a glass.
- (8) Men may have rounded Seraglio Point: they have not yet doubled Cape Turk.
- (9) Black men are pearls in beauteous ladies' eyes.
- (10) Annihilating all that's made
To a green thought in a green shade.
- (11) Poor wounded name! my bosom as a bed
Shall lodge thee.
- (12) The Accusing Spirit, which flew up to heaven's chancery with the oath, blush'd as he gave it in;—and the Recording Angel, as he wrote it down, dropp'd a tear upon the word, and blotted it out for ever.

The answers must reach the Competitions Editor not later than November 20, 1921.

We offer a prize of five dollars for a METRICAL TRANSLATION of the following sonnet by Verlaine.

Je fais souvent ce rêve étrange et pénétrant
D'une femme inconnue, et que j'aime, et qui m'aime,
Et qui n'est, chaque fois, ni tout à fait la même
Ni tout à fait une autre, et m'aime et me comprend.

Car elle me comprend, et mon coeur, transparent
Pour elle seule, hélas! cesse d'être un problème
Pour elle seule, et les moiteurs de mon front blême
Elle seule les sait rafraîchir, en pleurant.

Est-elle brune, blonde ou rousse?—Je l'ignore.
Son nom? Je me souviens qu'il est doux et sonore
Comme ceux des aimés que la Vie exila.

Son regard est pareil au regard des statues,
Et pour sa voix, lointaine, et calme, et grave, elle a
L'inflexion des voix chères qui se sont tues.

The answers must reach the Competitions Editor not later than October 20, 1921.

The prize of five dollars for the best poem on a CANADIAN LAKE is awarded to Miss Millicent Payne, of Havergal College, Toronto, for the following poem.

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July Storm on Georgian Bay

If these were town-days, I should be
Watching the dull rain dismally
Sliding between brown chimney-pots,
Flailing the sooty garden-plots,
Making the roads all slippery gray,
So that with grief I'd lay away
My well-beloved, airy gown
Meant to defy the stifling town.
Armoured in rain-coat, rubber-shod,
Umbrella-burdened, I should plod
Through the wet streets where horses slip
And curses stream from driver's lip:
How I should hate the wind and rain
If these were town-days!

But I'm fain
Now, while I hear the pines' thin cry
Follow the great wind tearing by—
Fain to be speeding down the track
Where clutching burrs would hold me back.
O, I must hasten! Feel the sands
Under my bare feet: spread my hands
Trying to catch the silver threads
Sky-dropped, that snare the bowing heads
Of birch and maple, poplar and pine
In a shimmering web all gossamer-fine.
I must splash out to the farthest rock,
Feel the buffet and meet the shock
Of the lake-born tempest shattering me,
Blowing up billows that threateningly
Race by me clear and green and swift
Under a violet sky, where drift
Banners and pennons of torn gray mist
That whirl and eddy and writhe and twist,
Playthings of all the winds that blow.
Now, let me race with the wind!

I go
Flying through rain-drops, down the shore,
Part of the waves that leap and roar,
Part of the tempest, thunder-driven
Down the dark, sounding vaults of heaven
That roof the land where the Ancients trod,
And out of this Awfulness shaped their God.

Was it I, who once went rubber-shod?

MILICENT PAYNE.

Our Book-Shelf Politics

The New Japanese Peril, by Sidney Osborne (Macmillan Co. of Canada).

Just when we thought that there might be an end of the making of books on the wiles of diplomats of to-day, we are confronted with a series of books on Japanese policy and by the latest of the series, *The New Japanese Peril*. We shall not look up *Who's Who* to learn about the author, Mr. Sidney Osborne, but shall present certain sentences from his work.

"Britain never forgets nor forgives a slight or trespass against her Imperial prestige." "No Anglo-Saxon alliance can ever be consummated so long as the Irish problem persists in its long lease of life and remains an unsolved political puzzle for the British statesmen". "North America, the one Great Power that might have checkmated her, eliminated from the race for world dominion, England pursued a course that led straight to her goal". "To prevent this" (a continental block with France at its head) "England will see to it that Germany is not too greatly weakened in comparison with France and that the feeling of antagonism between the two nations is kept alive". "If carried out in the same spirit and with the same high selfishness with which the United States applies the Monroe Doctrine to the Americas—". "China had no quarrel with Germany. On the contrary, Germany . . . was better liked as a nation than any of the great powers with the possible exception of the United States". "China, that had been, one might easily say, from time immemorial so staunch a friend of America . . .". "And in the consideration of this final factor it will not be without advantage to examine the startling parallel that exists between the foreign policy of the island empire of Japan and the foreign policy of the island empire of the United Kingdom". "In order that there should be no menace to the peace of the world arising out of Japan's policy in the far East, it would be necessary for her to reverse her policy and go in the opposite direction".

A most illuminating statement appears in the fifteenth chapter, where the author refers to Mr. J. Ellis Barker's views. "Indeed, we may find the key to the recent war, as also to the next coming war, in what that distinguished British economist, Ellis Barker, says about coal and iron. Mr. Barker points out that he who dominates the coal and iron industries dominates the world. . . The conclusion he reaches is that Britain went to war to prevent Germany from controlling the bulk of the world's coal and iron, and just so she may have to go to war to prevent America from indulging herself in a monopoly of these products".

As stated above we know nothing of Mr. Sidney Osborne, but we happen to know something of Mr. J. Ellis Barker. He is not a distinguished British economist. He is a journalist who essays to discuss political and economic subjects. His name, before he saw fit to change it, was J. Otto Eltzbacher. Without in the least desiring to defend all that has passed for British diplomacy or to condone the ambitions of Japan, we venture to assert that the world would be a happier place if gentlemen like Mr. Barker and Mr. Osborne, when they wish to write, would turn from the intricacies of international politics, to the shirt sleeve diplomacy of "Babe Ruth".

C. B. S.

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Philosophy

Essays in Critical Realism, A Co-operative Study of the Problem of Knowledge (Macmillan Co. of Canada).

We have here another of the reactions against the dominant idealism. The authors—seven American professors—call their theory critical realism in order to distinguish it from the recent neo-realism. While their terminology is not always the same there is a central unity in their theory. The authors are concerned not with metaphysics but with theory of knowledge. They are concerned with maintaining the reality of an external physical world in space and time but leave to science its further determination. "It is perfectly possible", says Professor Pratt, "for the critical realist to be a pan-psychist, a metaphysical dualist, a Platonist or an ontological idealist of some other type". Professor Drake defines the realistic position as follows: "All who thus believe that existence is far wider than experience, that objects exist in and for themselves—apart from our experiencing them are properly to be called realists". Such a definition does not state their relationship to objective idealism for no exponent of the latter theory would hold that objects depended upon our experiencing them. Throughout the volume the contrasts are with Berkeley and the other forms of realism.

While criticizing neo-realism for its multiplication of worlds and its failure to account for error, critical realism distinguishes itself from all other realistic doctrines by its assertion that knowledge transcends experience. Professor Lovejoy, in summing up what he regards as a consistent pragmatism, says "that pragmatically considered knowledge is thus necessarily and constantly conversant with entities which are existentially transcendent of the knowing experience and frequently with entities which transcend the total experience of the knower". This is a new doctrine for realism which in the past has held to the empirical doctrine that knowledge consisted solely of the given. Of that which was beyond experience we could say nothing. But Professor Pratt finds no difficulty. "To a really empirically minded thinker there is nothing terrifying or particularly surprising in transcendence; he has long been convinced that this world is full of a number of things and transcendence is merely one of them".

The positive theory expounded in this book centres around a distinction credited to Professor Santayana. The knowing state may be analyzed into three factors (1) the sensations, (2) the character complex, the meaning, the whatness or, to use the term of Professor Santayana, the essence of the object, (3) the postulate of existence. Regarding the sense data the authors would seemingly admit that they are mental. They are relatively unimportant in the

cognitive state. They may be the secondary qualities of Locke but knowledge is not thereby invalidated. Their significance rests in their being vehicles of meaning. The important elements in cognitive experience are these meanings. So far a Kantian might agree. But these meanings are not the work of the mind, they are given elements. Nor are they mental. They are not ideas. In all cases they are the essences of objects. The knowledge state involves besides these the affirmation of existence. Existence is an entirely different category from these meanings or essences. Existence involves concreteness, definiteness in space and time, but meanings are universals. They are logical entities. Knowledge consists in the assigning of these meanings to an object which transcends experience. If we ask what right we have to assert the existence of these objects beyond experience, Professor Drake replies that "our instinctive and (practically inevitable) belief in the existence of the physical world about us is pragmatically justifiable".

Essence and existence may be distinguished but it is questionable whether they can be separated in the thorough-going way of this theory.

W. T. B.

Shorter Notices

The Master of Man, by Hall Caine (The Ryerson Press).

'Tis pity that Hall Caine cannot be admitted into literary "society". If only one could do a little crystal gazing and discover that future critics would call him up much higher, perhaps even above the salt! But alas, like Midas' servant, one must go off and whisper in secret; "Hall Caine has told a good story". Its scene is laid in the Isle of Man, and tells of a young man's sin, and the terrible situation which confronts him when later, as Deemster, he must judge the woman he had wronged. The moral struggle, the resurrection of his soul, and the solution of the practical difficulty make engrossing reading,—for the reader, who, like Mr. Salteena, is just mere.



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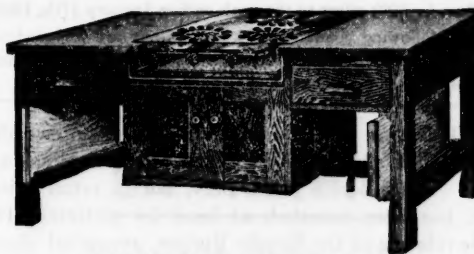
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Trade and Industry

	June 1921	July 1921	Aug. 1921	Sept. 1921	Sept. 1920
Wholesale Prices ¹ (Michell)	169.8	167.0	165.4	164.4	254.5
Family Budget..... (Labour Gazette)	\$21.74	\$21.55	\$21.98	\$26.38
Volume of Employment ² (Employment Service of Canada)	88.1	89.0	89.0	89.6	108.1
Average Price of Twelve Canadian Securities ³ (Michell)	103.9	103.6	103.0	116.6

¹Base (=100) refers to the period 1900—1909.

²Base (=100) refers to the week ending January 17th, 1920. Subsequent figures refer to the second week in each month.

³The following common stock quotations are included:—Canadian Bank of Commerce, C.P.R., Dominion Textile, Dominion Bridge, Consumers' Gas, Shawinigan Light and Power, Penman's, Russell Motors, Bell Telephone, Canadian General Electric, Lake of the Woods Milling, and Canada Steamships.

THE close of the summer has been noteworthy in a surprising particular. The decline, not in wholesale prices only, but in retail prices also, has been arrested, at least for a time. The table relating to the Family Budget, reprinted above from *The Labour Gazette*, shows an increase in the weekly cost of living, for a representative family of five, amounting to 43 cents. It is true that this increase is due almost entirely to a rise in the prices of potatoes and butter, but coming as it does at the end of a long period of declines from month to month, it is none the less remarkable. It drives home the fact that (up to date) the drop in retail prices has altogether failed to keep pace with the drop in wholesale prices.

Changes in retail prices are of course neither simultaneous nor equal in the nine provinces. In this instance, the rise in retail prices is common to all the provinces. But while it was trifling in Prince Edward Island, New Brunswick and British Columbia, it was very marked in Quebec, where the cost of staple foods rose by 74 cents, and in Ontario, where the rise was 66 cents. With the prospect of a good deal of unemployment and short-time this winter, we may hope that the change will go no further.

The changes of a twelve-month stand out clearly in our table. Wholesale prices have fallen, in all, by about one-third; retail prices about half as fast, or roughly by one-sixth. The number of workers in regular employment has fallen in almost exactly the same measure as the level of retail prices, also by about one-sixth. Thus (if there had been no reduction whatever in wage-rates) the purchasing power of the wage-earners in this country would have been reduced approximately to the same extent as retail prices. Actually, of course, there have been widespread (though by no means universal) reductions in money rates of wages.

Much less than the fall in any of these things has been the decline in Canadian security prices. The drop in Professor Michell's index of security prices (from 116.6 points a year ago to their present level of 104.4) is a comparatively small thing. The stock

market, whose prescience of coming events has attracted the attention of people without number, began to make ready for a spell of hard times, months before it actually came. The long downward movement in the average value of Canadian securities (from a level of 134.5 in November 1919, to 116.6 in September 1920, when the present industrial depression may really be said to have begun) left little need for subsequent adjustment. The results of the depression were discounted in advance with so near an approach to accuracy, that the stock market for the past twelve months has been stable by comparison.

Readers of this monthly survey will notice that, despite the wide fluctuations that have occurred from time to time in individual securities, the average of the twelve common stocks has moved only slightly during the last four months. As regards the better class of securities, the stock market has been resolutely marking time.

Those who look for the shadows of coming events in the stock market will find little comfort here. We may take the stagnation in average prices as showing that investors who know more than most of us are inclined to believe that the bottom of the depression, if it has not been met already, will be reached in the near future. But the absence, so far, of a sustained and noticeable upward movement is the best evidence that they have not yet scented the big revival of industrial activity, for which we are all of us eagerly waiting.

How foolish has been the great bulk of the newspaper optimism, with which we were regaled till a few months ago! It has been our habit in this country to encourage the thought that the "booster"—whether of his business, his town, or his industry—proves himself the man worth while. If the present troubles teach us nothing else, they should at least convince us that there is nothing anywhere so helpful as willingness to face hard facts. But that is a subject for a sermon.

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